

ODDS AND ENDS.

THE BILLVILLE CLARION.

A Few Items of Interest Collected From the Local Column.

This is Friday.
Yesterday was a flue day.
Things rather quiet in Billville.
Another baby up at Jed Tassay's.
Hoony for Jed!

Our wife spent yesterday over in West Ellaberryville.
Grandma Hanks was 94 yesterday.
Congratulations, granny.
One of the Tweedy twins is quite sick with symptoms of scarlet rash.
Meades are in Billville. Two of Jake Prouty's children are down with them.
They are light.
Sam Sharkey has painted his front fence and is laying a new boardwalk before his house. That's right, Sam.
Elder Tweak will preach at the Methodist church next Sunday. Those who have heard him say he is fine. Welcome, elder.
Dave Tumpy treated his wife to a new three ply Ingrain parlor carpet last week and a new sofa. Wish we could do the same by our wife.
Uncle Billy Hendricks was 85 yesterday and celebrated the day by walking over to Pukeville, six miles from here. Go it while you're young, Uncle Billy.
Will some of our farmer friends bring us a cord of well seasoned hickory wood in return for a subscription to The Clarion? A fair exchange is no robbery.
Yo editor will be 41 years old next Monday. On our last birthday we received the gift of a barrel of flour and two hams from appreciative citizens of the town in which we then lived.
Our wife's grandmother deceased in Indiana last week aged 90 years, 3 months, 1 week and 12 days. Had she lived eight months, two weeks and four days longer she would have been 91. Our wife did not go on to the internment.
Aunt Jane Poole has just completed a quilt containing 2,649 pieces. The design is of her own get up, and it is a dandy. Keep at it, Aunt Jane.
Mush and milk sociable in the Baptist church Monday night. Proceeds to go toward a double seated baby carriage for the pastor's twins, born three weeks ago. The cause is a good one, and it has our best wishes for its success.
We would like to give advertising or job work in return for a ten gallon keg of new southern molasses. Would also be pleased to negotiate for a barrel of sassafras. We must get out to live.
Grandpa Byler killed and dressed a 240 pound hog all by himself last Tuesday. Pretty good for a man 83 years. Ain't laid on the shelf yet, are you, granddaddy.—New York Sunday World.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

A girl may be as pretty as a picture and yet be hung in a bad light.
Women love babies so much because they don't seem to care a hang.
Most women don't know enough to be egotists; most men know too much.
When a woman doesn't know anything about it, she tries to hide it by being very positive.
When a girl begins to study elocution, she is never happy till she learns to recite a dialect poem.
A man never accomplishes anything much in the world until his friends begin to call him a crank.—New York Press.

His Object.

"I wish," said the artist who had been so absorbed in his work as to neglect his eating, "that you would send out and get a nice large head of cabbage."
"Certainly," replied his wife. "Have you an inspiration for a new still life?"
"No, I merely want it for a pot boiler."—Washington Star.

The Amazonian Cut.

First Amazon of Dahomey—I was completely hummed in by the enemy, but I cut my way out.
Second Amazon of Dahomey—What? First Amazon of Dahomey—That's what I said. It took nerve, but I did it. I just didn't notice them any more than if they weren't there at all.—Detroit Journal.



The Place to Pad.

Tailor (to mother who is having a suit made for her boy)—Do you want the shoulders padded?
Little Boy—No, mamma; tell him to pad the pants.—New York Sunday Journal.

His Explanation.

My partner (expected), you see, was homely but wealthy Miss B. She wrote, "Have caught cold." Poor old girl—getting old.
Is that why I love her? Well—oh! Now, the Pells helped me out of the plight with a girl who sits "there for the night." Some cousin, I thought.
Whose dot was a naught—Some cousin or niece (They've a dozen alices)—I consented with thoughts impolite.
You'll excuse me just here if I swear—That girl had most glorious hair, And eyes of true blue, And her foot in a shoe No spite e'er attempted to wear.
But beauty was not in my line. 'Twas gold that I wanted, in line, And I loved the bear As far as non dars When his partner is poor—Yes, I loved the bear With that rose tinted beauty of mine, And not till this moment, from you, Have I learned what would make a saint blue—That I danced that cotillon With a girl worth a million And thought that she hadn't a sou.—Tommy in New York Sunday World.

London's Oldest Restaurant.

Probably the oldest restaurant in London is Crosby Hall, in Bishopsgate street, in the city. This was built more than 500 years ago, was once the palace of Richard III and afterward the residence of Sir Thomas More. It was in this building that Shakespeare laid the scene of Richard's plots for the murder of the young princes. The structure was injured by fire, fell into decay and in 1888 was restored. One tumbles up the narrow, winding stairs, leaving below the modern restaurant, passes through low doorways that show walls 3 feet in thickness and enters the hall, a great room lighted by high windows and a beautiful oriel. In the restoration the old features have been retained, and at one end is the minstrel's gallery, looking down on more prosaic scenes than it once witnessed. The white capped cook stands at the huge fireplace, now converted into a grill, and the chops and potatoes come smoking to your table. Pretty waitresses wish to know if you don't want a pint of the famous "arf and arf," and the wayfarer is wise if he accepts the hint. This would seem a fitting place to sit and muse in a Johnsonian fashion on the variety of human life, but there is little seclusion about the spot, today, for bankers from Threadneedle street are continually discussing trade and securities in this room, which has known the presence of Sir Philip Sidney and Ben Jonson—a room where it requires no very vivid imagination to fancy the Countess of Pembroke reading the famous sonnet that Spenser wrote to her honor.—Home Journal.

The Real Nice English Girl.

It is a bonny sight to watch the lithe and breezy English girl promenading with her bally dog upon the bowldery beach at Brighton, according to Sterling Hellig. She will run a foot race with her 8-year-old brother down the main street of the village, utterly thoughtless of attracting attention. If she happens to pull up breathless and glowing, flushed and moist eyed, with her golden hair a-hanging down her back, in the center of admiring friends, it is to explain to them that she has been running "Such larks! Tommy and I have been running a foot race." It's not to make her effect, as a French girl would. Really, it isn't. She doesn't know enough.
She will scratch herself in company, no matter where the mosquito has been. She will fall in love with a man and will follow him about like a dog. She will sit on a rock and be hugged, oblivious of the fact that every one is looking. She is wonderfully frank. She will say to a seasick man: "What a shocking bad sailor you are! Your liver must be in a frightful state!" She is a great fisher and can row a boat. She is all the time blushing. She has freckles on her hands. When she walks out with her bally dog upon the blooming sands, you don't know which to whistle to, both are so intelligent.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Climbers Have Conquered All of the Alps.

Of course the mystery is gone from the Alps—none but climbers know how completely. Every mountain and point of view of even third rate importance has been ascended, most by many routes. Almost every gap between two peaks has been traversed as a pass. The publications of some dozen mountaineering societies have recorded these countless expeditions in rows of volumes of appalling length. Of late years vigorous attempts have been made to co-ordinate this mass of material in the form of climbers' guides, dealing with particular districts, wherein every peak and pass is dealt with in strict geographical succession and every different route and all the variations of each route are set forth, with references to the volumes in which they have been described at length by their discoverers. Nearly half the Alps has been treated in this manner, but the work has taken ten years, and of course the whole requires periodical revision.—Sir W. M. Conway in Scribner's.

Why They Wear Hats.

History does not tell, so far as we know, how it came about that members of the English parliament wear their hats. The custom has descended from an age when its proceedings were not recorded, but one may suspect that there by hangs a tale of sturdy and victorious revolt against privilege, such as broke out at Versailles, could it be recovered. Now and again we find antique allusions to the practice. When the commons voted that every one should "uncover or strip or move his hat" when the speaker expressed the thanks of the house for any service done by a member, Lord Falkland "stretched both his arms out and clasped his hands together on the crown of his hat and held it down close to his head, that all might see how odious that flattery was to him."—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Child's Heart.

Among the bizarre articles offered for sale at the Hotel Drotet, Paris, was a child's heart immersed in a jar of spirits, and, although 97 years had passed since the organ was placed in its transparent receptacle, every portion of it—the right and left auricle and ventricle, and even a portion of the aortic arch—was in a perfect state of preservation. It was catalogued as the heart of Louis XVII, duke of Normandy, and from the documentary evidence which accompanied it there was little doubt as to its authenticity.—Temple Bar.

Digestible Food.

A simple test for digestibility given to a class of nurses, by which one can easily determine if a solid food is one which is proper to give a sick person, is to drop a small piece of it in cold water. If it soaks up the water rapidly, the food is moderately digestible.—New York Post.

Many women have excelled as executants in music. No woman has ever been a great or even a mediocre composer.

When Cod Become Blind.

Several large cod are kept in one of the tanks of the Amsterdam aquarium, necessarily near the surface, and therefore exposed to a strong light from above. Now, the cod, though not a deep sea fish, is not a surface swimmer and lives at depths where the sunlight must be very much modified by passage through the water. It lives in what to us would be semi-darkness. Every one of these cod exposed to the strong light is suffering from an extraordinary hypertrophy of the eye. The whole organ has become overgrown, as if in the effort to adjust itself to the use of more light rays it had become over-equipped and then useless. The cod, in fact, are blind.
The most interesting feature in this change is the extraordinary rapidity with which increased supply of light rays has overdeveloped the organ for its use. It has taken place, not by slow degrees from individual to individual, but in a course of time to be measured by months and in every individual in the tank. If this example is a measure of the rapidity with which such changes take place among fish, the adaptation of those creatures which have migrated from the shallow waters of the deep seas, shown by the total loss or enormous development of their eyes and the growth of illuminating organs to light the abyss, may have been as rapid as it is marvelous.—London Spectator.

Science Has Neglected Eggs.

There is a thing in an egg to prevent freshness being maintained. It is therefore a question of treatment, and the domestic treatment of eggs has not progressed or cheapened in 100 years, and practically poultry keepers are only as far advanced today as in 1788, when the Dutch process of lime pickling was first introduced into England, and those who do not know what has transpired since are no wiser than their forefathers.
There is ample evidence to prove, though the facts are not generally known, that eggs can be delivered fresh from the most distant countries, even at less cost than the present stale ones. This, of course, seems improbable, but at one time it was deemed absolutely impossible that foreign sheep, lambs and beef could compete with home grown, or that steam could displace labor, or that steel could be produced at a cheaper rate than iron and superseeded iron.
As there is nothing in an egg to prevent freshness being maintained it is therefore a question of scientific treatment, and opposition comes only from those who fear old established interests being extinguished. However, this satisfactory phase of the egg problem seems one that might be advantageously taken up by those interested in developing poultry and eggs as a domestic industry.—London Standard.

The Alps Will Be Washed Away.

The Alps, from a geological point of view, are very recent. Our Welsh hills, though comparatively speaking insignificant, are far more ancient. They had been mountains for ages and ages before the materials which now compose the Rigi or the Pilatus were deposited.
Indeed, we may say that it is because they are so old that they have been so much worn down. The Alps themselves are crumbling and being washed away, and if no fresh elevation takes place the time will come when they will be no loftier than Snowdon or Helvellyn.
They have already undergone enormous denudation, and it has been shown that from the summit of Mont Blanc some 10,000 or 12,000 feet of strata has been already removed. Denudation began as soon as the land rose above the sea and the main river valleys were excavated.—Pearson's Weekly.

Two Theories.

Fond Mother (in passenger car, with her children)—Is just scared me when I read—Johnny, stop pulling flowers off the lady's bonnet!—when I read in the papers—Richard, you just keep your head in!—the paper the other day that—George, if you put your sticky hands on that lady's dress again, I'll thrash you!—the other day that a woman went crazy—Richard, don't you dare slap that little girl!—when I read that a woman went crazy just from the discomforts of the—Johnny, stop punching that gentleman!—of the journey in a railroad train. I wonder if she had children with her?
Lady (quietly)—Perhaps some other woman had!—New York Weekly.

Good Reason.

"You will pardon the question, I know, if you think it intrusive," said the enterprising newspaper reporter as he talked through the prison bars to the captive train robber, "but why do you gentlemen always go through a train before breakfast?"
"Well, I don't mind telling you," replied the bandit, "seeing that I am likely to be out of the business for a year or two. We do that to get ahead of the dining car pirates."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

An Aged Trick.

The schoolmaster gave a wild howl and fell with a bang from his wheel.
"What is it?" cried his favorite pupil, as she circled around him.
"It's a tack," moaned the master.
"In your tire?"
"No, in my saddle."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mehlaho is the name of a tribe of Mohammedans which forms a fourth part of the population of the Malabar coast of south India. They are supposed to be descendants of Moors and Arabian who established themselves on the coast and intermarried with native women. Some years ago there were about 600,000 of them.
The flags to be hoisted at one time in signaling at sea never exceed four. It is an interesting arithmetical fact that, with 18 various colored flags, and never more than 4 at a time, no fewer than 78,643 signals can be given.

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ALL DRUGGISTS

BECOMING INDIANS.

CLAIM THAT AMERICANS ARE DEVELOPING ON THAT LINE.

Increasing Resemblance in Faces to the Aboriginal Type—A Study of Heads, With Especial Attention to the Residents of Pennsylvania.

It is an extraordinary question in anthropological science which has been propounded repeatedly of late. The influence of environment upon the race resident in the United States must in the course of four centuries produce certain marked and undeniable physical results. It is not generally acknowledged by American anthropologists that there is a tendency of reversion to the type indigenous to the soil. But foreign students of race, with more perspective, have offered interesting food for reflection. A writer in the Chicago Times-Herald, commenting on the assertion of the French authors that on this continent the American white man has varied toward the Indian type, offers a supporting study which is curiously fascinating—possibly vastly important.
First, the familiar faces of the caricaturists' creation are called in as witnesses. The Yankee and the southern—large and loose limbed—of these pictures are types, even as the stout, full faced John Bull is a type in another environment. Both American favorites of the cartoonist have high cheek bones and usually excellent straight noses. These witnesses are not, of course, scientifically admissible. The faces given us by the caricature makers are impressions, not testimony.
Scientific, however, is the study of the Pennsylvania Germans—a happy, thrifty, frugal people, who have been subjected to American conditions for nearly two centuries, with very little intermingling with other races, much less than the English people in New England or in Virginia.
It is true that the pervasive and beguiling Irish have intermarried somewhat with these old Pennsylvania settlers, but in the main it is a very exclusive, pure blooded Palatine stock. Data have been secured relative to a large number of school children and to adult males from 25 to 50 years of age, and many copies of portraits of original settlers. It appears that stature increases and that other important generalizations may be made, tentatively of course. The increase of finger reach is marked, and the head measures are important.
"The anthropologist places considerable value upon certain proportions or relations of seven measures," says the student of the subject. "Thus the length of the head and the breadth of the head, when compared, give numerical expression, which is called the cephalic index. To find it the length is divided into the breadth and the result multiplied by 100. A head one-half as wide as it is long would have an index of 50; one three-fourths as wide as long would have an index of 75; one as wide as it was long would have an index of 100. There is no race whose head is proportioned so wide as to have an index of 100 or so narrow as to have one of 50. The higher the index, of course, the broader and sounder the head; the lower the index, the longer and narrower the head. Germans generally are notably round headed. Topinard gives for some people of Lorraine the index of 85.3. The average index of 100 Pennsylvania Germans is 81.9, which is notably less and narrower. The heads of our northern and eastern Indians are still longer and narrower. We cannot at present make a further comparison with profit. What we have already said may prove erroneous when we learn the actual Palatine type. We assume now that the Palatine Germans were of medium stature, light haired, blue or light eyed, round headed, with a finger reach of 1.048. We find that the Pennsylvania German children are dark in hair and eyes, that the men are probably of increased stature, that heads appear to be lengthening, that arm reach appears to be increasing. In all these respects the Pennsylvania German varies from the assumed Palatine type and in the direction of the Indian. If our assumption proves valid, we may claim that our evidence shows change, which, if continued, may form an Indian type from the German."
All this, it must be noted, is absolutely distinct from any of the reasons for discussing the tendency of Americans to revert to original types from the infiltration of the red Indian blood itself in the veins of the white race. From the first days of New England intermarriage of that sort have been common enough. A recent novel has expressed the country knowledge in New England that there is an occasional "streak" from ancestry that approached New England from the west as well as that which approached it from the east across the Atlantic. In the western states and territories the great numbers of half breeds whose descendants find their way into the life of cities brings to bear a curious and unreckoned force in the development of the fiber and sinew of the race in North America.—Boston Transcript.

Some People.

I don't wonder that the carriages of the rich and noble so inflamed the passions of the peasantry that the result was the French revolution.
I am not a peasant, and I hire a cab whenever I want one, but I must say that my gorge rises at the sight of some of our fashionable equipages and their occupants.
It's a case of nose in the air all through.
The horses have their noses in the air because they are "checked up" for the purpose, while the coachman and footman are obliged to keep their proboscises "tip tilted" or they'd be discharged, but why need the haughty riders do the same?
They seem to be saying very often.
"Dear me! What can those creatures be who are actually walking? Don't run over them, James, for I'm afraid it will spoil the looks of the turnout."
Some people affect me just the same way when they enter a private box.
They come in noisily, and turn around half a dozen times ere they can find a resting place, like a dog before the fire, and then they survey the rest of the audience with such a patronizing air of proprietorship that I almost hope they will fall out of the box or be dragged out by the irate populace.—Poly Pry in New York Recorder.

Mark Your Wheel.

John D. Carroll, chief detective of a wheelman's insurance company, said recently: "Every owner should have a private mark upon his or her wheel. By this I don't mean a simple mark upon the saddle post or on the saddle itself, as those are the very places where a thief will look for such a mark, and should they be there both saddle and post will be removed. If you want to make the private mark on any part of your frame, say on the underside of the top tube, turn your wheel upside down and remove a portion of the enamel, say 1 inch by 1 inch, and clean well till the metal is freed from any part of the enamel. Then cover the space so cleaned with a greasy material—candle grease, for instance—then take a pointed instrument of some kind and wet the point with carbolic acid. Proceed to write your initials or private mark on the tubing, being sure that you have sufficient acid on the pointed pen before you begin. After allowing the acid to leave its trace on the tubing, you can rub off the grease, and one application of enamel will cover all trace of the mark you have made."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Some Men Have Luck.

Returning to Paris from Brazil after 30 years' absence, with 300,000 francs in his bag, M. Georges H. took a cab home. He called at a friend's house, entered for a moment and returned to find the cab gone with his bag and his money. M. H. prepared to return to Brazil to make another 300,000 francs, but en route called at a prefecture of police. Here they handed him his money, with apologies from the cabman.
It appears that while M. H. was in the house the driver went to sleep. While the driver was asleep the horse, getting bored, moved on round several corners, and the cabman on waking could not remember where he had come from. Therefore he drove off to the police station.—Paris Messenger.

The Education Controversy.

Teacher—Now, Patsy, would it be proper to say, "You can't learn no nothing?"
Patsy—Yis'm.
Teacher—Why?
Patsy—"Cause yer can't.—Pick Me Up.

The Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strzelitz, on the strength of her connection with the royal family, receives £3,000 per year.
In Canada models of patents are not required unless specially asked for by the Canadian commissioner of patents.
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She Considered the Lily.

At a teachers' convention in Detroit a lady, speaking about the influence of beautiful objects upon the character and conduct of young pupils, told a pretty story received by her from an eyewitness:
"Into a school made up chiefly of children from the slums the teacher one day carried a beautiful calla lily. Of course the children gathered about the pure, waxy blossom in great delight.
"One of them was a little girl, a waif of the streets, who had no care bestowed upon her, as was evinced by her ragged condition she was always in. Not only was her clothing dreadfully soiled, but her face and hands seemed totally unacquainted with soap and water.
"As this little one drew near the lovely flower, she suddenly turned and ran away down stairs and out of the building. In a few minutes she returned with her hands washed perfectly clean, and pushed her way up to the flower, where she stood and admired it with intense satisfaction.
"It would seem," continued Miss Coffin, "that when the child saw the lily in its white purity, she suddenly realized that she was not fit to come into its atmosphere, and the little thing fled away to make herself suitable for such companionship. Did not this have an elevating, refining effect on the child? Let us gather all the beauty we can into the schoolroom."—New York Tribune.

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